Edw. Lo heere a period of tumultuous broiles,
Away with *Oxford*, to *Hames* Caſtle ſtraight,
For *Summerſet*, off with his guiltie head:
Away, I will not neare them ſpeake.
Ox. For my part Ile not trouble thee with words.
Exit Oxford.
Som. Nor I, but ſtoope with patience to my death.
Exit Somerſet.
Ed. Now *Edward*, what ſatisfaction canſt thou make,
For ſtirring vp my ſubiects to rebellion?
Prince. Speake like a ſubiect, proud ambitious *Yorke*,
Suppoſe that I am now my fathers mouth,
Resigne thy chaire: and where I ſtand, kneele thou,
Whilſt I propoſe the ſelfe ſame words to thee,
Which traitour thou, would'ſt haue me anſware to.
Quee. Oh that thy father had bin ſo reſolu'd.
Glo. I that you might ſtill haue kept your petticoate,
And nere haue ſtolne the breech from *Lancaſter*.
Prince. Let *Æſop* table in a winters night,
His currish Riddles ſorts not with this place.
Glo. By heauen, brat Ile plague you for that word.
Quee. I, thou wa'lt borne to be a plague to men.
Glo. For Gods ſake take away this captiue ſcold.
Prince. Nay take away this ſcolding Crookt backe rather.
Ed. Peace wilfull boy, or I will tame your tongue.
Cla. Vntutered Lad, thou art to malapert.
Prince. I know my duties, you are all vndutifull,
Laſcinious *Edward*, and thou periur'd *George*,
And thou miſhapen *Dicke*, I tell you all,
I am your better, traitours as you be.
Ed. I take that, the lightnes of this rayler heere.
Quee. Oh kill me too.
Glo. Marrie and ſhall. (die.
Ed. Hold *Richard*, hold, for we haue done too much alrea-
Glo. Why ſhould ſhe liue to fill the worlde with words.
Ed. What doth ſhe ſwound? make meanes for her recoue-
Glo. *Clarence*, excuſe me to the King my brother, (rie.
I muſt to London, on a ſerious matter, Ere

12 Whilſt— 8 from end— lines—

Ere you come there, you ſhall
Cla. About what, prethee t
Glo. The Tower man, the

Quene. Ah *Ned*, ſpeake to th
An thou canſt not ſpeake,
Traitours, Tyrants, blouddie
They that ſtabd *Cæſar* ſhed n
For he was a man, this in reſp
And men nere ſpend their fu
Whats worſe then tirant, tha
You haue no children Diuells
The thought of them, would
But if you euer hope to haue
Looke in his youth to haue h
As traitours you haue done t
Ed. Away, and beare her
Quee. Nay, nere beare me
Heere ſheath thy ſword; Ile p
Wilt thou not?
Then *Clarence*, do thou do it
Cla. By heauen I would no
Quee. Good *Clarence* do, ſw
Cla. Didſt not thou heare
Quee. I, but thou vſeſt to f
Twas ſinne before, but now
Wheres the Diuells butcher
Richard where art thou?
He is not heere, Murder is h
Petitioners for bloud, he ne
Ed. Away I ſaie, and take
Quee. So come to you an

Edw. *Clarence*, whithers
Cla. Marrie my Lord to
To make a bloudie ſupper i
Ed. He is ſuddaine, if a thi
Well, diſcharge the commo